

WILMINGTON JOURNAL.
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DAVID FULTON, Editor.
Neatly executed and with despatch, on
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DAVID FULTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

EDWARD CANTWELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Will practice in the Courts of
NEW-HANOVER,
BRUNSWICK,
SAMPSON,
DUPLIN, and
ONSLOW.
June 19, 1846 4-11

MANTUA-MAKING.
MR. PRICE would inform the ladies of Wil-
mington and its vicinity, that she will ex-
ecute work in the above line, on reasonable terms.
Residence over the JOURNAL OFFICE,
November 7, 1845

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Continue the AGENCY business, and will make
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Wilmington, August 1st, 1845.

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MERCHANT,
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ROBT. G. RANKIN,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,
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Liberal advances made on shipments to his friends
at New York.
September 21, 1844. 1-11

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One door So. of Brown & DeRosier's, Water-st.
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WILLIAM COOKS,
GENERAL AGENT
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Office, second door North of Market street, on the
wharf, up stairs.
April 7, 1846 31

LAND DEEDS, a new supply, just printed
and for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

MITCHELL'S
POCKET MAP
OF
Texas, Oregon, and California.
A FEW copies of the above work, of the very
latest edition, may be obtained at the
JOURNAL OFFICE.

For Rent.
A FINE ROOMY STORE, in Mr. Parsley's
building, one door north of the Custom
House. For terms apply to
July 24 E. J. LUTTE LOH.

THE CLASSICAL SCHOOL
OF THE Rev. M. C. CONOLEY, of Sampson
county, opened at Clinton on the first Mon-
day in September, 1846. All the usual English
Branches are taught in this school.

Young gentlemen desirous of preparing them-
selves for admission into either the *Freeman* or
Sophomore Class, at Oglethorpe College, will find
every facility for effecting the same in the dis-
charge of every duty, deserve reward. Mr. Conoley's will
be great. Of him it may, with truth be said—he
is a gentleman and a thorough practical scholar;
mild in his mode of discipline—yet fearless of con-
sequences when duty prompts him to act.
Those interested in the moral and intellectual
advancement of their children may rely upon this
truth—that our country affords no greater facili-
ties in primary education, than may be com-
manded in the classical school of the Rev. M. C. Conoley.

Tuition for spelling and reading—the first
class is \$5; for second class, including all the
English branches, \$10; for the Classics, \$12 per
session.
The scholastic year is divided into two sessions
of six months each. No deduction made except
for protracted sickness or removal.
In view of the many benefits connected with
such a school, and our confidence in Mr. Conoley,
we take pleasure in respectfully recommending his
school to the public generally, and especially to
the patrons of virtuous education.

T. J. MORSEY,
E. F. SHAW,
N. MCGILL,
L. C. HUBBARD,
R. McKAY,
J. M. MOSELEY,
W. T. KIRBY,
A. E. McKAY, &c.
Sept. 11, 1846. 52-4t.

A CARD.
MR. G. F. B. LEIGHTON will be in Wil-
mington about the 10th of October, and propo-
sing taking a Class in Vocal Music; he will also
give lessons on the Piano Forte and Violon, and
will attend to tuning Pianos. He refers with
pleasure to Gentlemen and Ladies who he taught
last winter, as to his qualifications.
Sept. 12, 1846 1-3t.

Wilmington Journal.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.
VOL. 3.—NO. 2.

GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND LIBERTY.
WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1846.

TERMS: \$2 50 in advance.
WHOLE NO. 106.

TO THE PEOPLE.

THE session of Congress, which has just ter-
minated, will be long and gratefully remem-
bered by all true republicans for the triumphant
success of many of their cherished principles and
measures. While we heartily rejoice at the tri-
umph of the principles which it has been our con-
stant effort to advocate and defend, and of which
no prosperity, no adversity, can sever us; we
cannot be unmindful of the struggle in which we
are placed by a recent vote of both houses of Con-
gress:—we allude to the contemplated withdrawal
of their patronage from the newspaper press. To
this decision we cheerfully bow, sensible as we are
of the patriotic motives which have led to it. But
we trust that at this decision of Congress increases
rather than diminishes our claim to the support of
a high power—that of the people; and to them
we confidently appeal to aid us, by their patron-
age, in sustaining at the seat of government a
journal that is indelibly devoted to their interests
and the true interests of the country.

It is known to every one that the chief source
of sustaining a newspaper is not the magnitude of
its subscription list, so much as the advertising
patronage which may be bestowed upon it. In
large commercial cities, indeed, the latter is usually
the concomitant of the former, as it becomes the
obvious interest of mercantile men to advertise in
those papers which are the most extensively circu-
lated. Washington, however, is differently situ-
ated. Deprived of the advertising patronage inci-
dent to a mercantile community, and burdened
with peculiar and enormous expenses which are
not elsewhere incurred, nothing but a very long
list of subscribing patrons can sustain a paper in
usefulness—if, indeed, even in existence. The
proprietors of the "Union" have hitherto spared no
pains, and no expense, to make their paper wor-
thy of the metropolis, and worthy of the support of
that great party under whose banner they are en-
listed. In publishing the most full and ample dis-
cussions of the two houses of Congress, it is believed,
ever before attempted on this continent in a daily
newspaper, they have secured the services of the
best reporters which the country affords; but at
the enormous cost of \$12,000 or \$15,000 per year.
Their extensive foreign and domestic correspon-
dence is another large item of expense, but their
constructive usefulness of which is so highly com-
mended & appreciated as to justify almost any
outlay to attain it. Still, it must be evident that
these heavy expenses cannot be borne, unless the
subscription list is commensurate to the undertak-
ing, and although we are confident of the success
of our efforts, (including daily, tri-weekly, and weekly),
yet this list must be still considerably enlarged to
enable the proprietors of the "Union" to sustain
all its usefulness, and to insure them against pecu-
niary loss. Involving then, again, the aid and
support of the friends of republican govern-
ment, and pledging ourselves to renewed efforts
in the cause of the glorious principles we cherish,
we offer the following proposals:

"The 'DAILY UNION' will be published, as
heretofore, at \$10 per annum, payable in advance.
Its character hitherto has been almost exclusively
political. We propose in future to devote a por-
tion of its columns to domestic news of general in-
terest, and to miscellaneous literature, which, with-
out impairing its political influence may render it
the more acceptable to an extended class of read-
ers.

"The 'SEMI-WEEKLY UNION' will be pub-
lished every Monday & Thursday, during the
recess of Congress, at \$5 per annum. 'This co-
tains all the matter contained in the 'Daily U-
nion' except local advertisements. During the
sessions of Congress three numbers, instead of two,
will be issued, without any extra charge to subscri-
bers.

"The 'WEEKLY UNION' is issued every Sat-
urday; and as arrangements are in progress to en-
large it to near double its present size, we shall
soon be enabled to give nearly every article which
may appear in the daily and semi-weekly editions,
at the extremely low rate of \$2. We propose also
to give, in this edition, a complete synoptical
summary of the proceedings in both houses of
Congress—thus rendering the 'Weekly Union' a
most valuable chronicle of all the proceedings of
our country. But, to remunerate us for this
enterprise, an extensive subscription list is abso-
lutely indispensable.

CONGRESSIONAL REGISTER.
In addition to the foregoing, we have resolved to
publish, during the sessions of the national leg-
islature, a "Congressional Register," to be issued
weekly, and to contain fully and completely all the
proceedings and debates of both houses. Indeed,
the arrangements which we have made with the
very best corps of reporters will enable us to give
even more full and extended reports than we have
produced during this session, superior as we claim
them to be to any preceding ones. The Register
will be made up from the daily reports in the
"Union," carefully revised by an experienced
editor, and will constitute a complete and authentic
record of the session. An appendix will be ad-
ded, uniform with the Register, and to be sent gra-
tuitously to subscribers, comprising a list of the
acts passed during the session, with a synopsis of
their contents, and a reference, when necessary, to
previous legislation. This will form the most com-
plete history of the sessions of Congress, and will
be furnished at the low price of SEVENTY-FIVE
CENTS for the next session.

"Persons desirous of being authorized to act as
agents, and by sending us five yearly subscribers,
with the subscription money, for either the *Daily*,
Semi-Weekly, or *Weekly*, will be entitled to one
copy of the same edition as they furnish us sub-
scribers for.

"The *CONGRESSIONAL REGISTER* will be
furnished to all our agents and to five yearly subscribers.
Clubs will be furnished with
5 copies of the *Daily* for \$40 00
5 do *Semi-Weekly* 20 00
10 do do 35 00
5 do *Weekly* 8 00
10 do do 15 00
20 do *Congressional Register* 10 00
The name of no person will be entered upon
our books unless the payment of the subscription
be made in advance.

RITCHIE & HEISS.

To the Riding and Travelling Community
THE subscriber has, and intends keeping con-
stantly on hand, at his old stand on Market
street, a general assortment of goods in his line,
to wit, Ladies and Gentlemen's SADDLES, BRID-
LES, AND MARTINGALES, Herd Leather,
Imitation, Fancy and Common TRUNKS, Vali-
cases, Carpet and Saddle Bags, Ladies Satchels,
Coach, Gig, Buggy and wagon HARNESS, Col-
lars, Whips, Stirrups, Bits, Spurs, &c. &c. All
of which he warrants to be of the best workman-
ship and materials, and are offered for sale at the
lowest prices.

Also—Chariottes, Buggies, Trotting Wag-
ons and Sulkeys, for sale low. Northern Sole
Leather and Shoe Maker's Findings.
GUY C. HOTCHKISS.
N. B.—Particular attention will be paid to
manufacturing SADDLES and HARNESS, on order,
and repairing the same, together with trimming
Carriages and making Coach Cushions.
Sept. 18, 1846. G. C. H.

Notice.
FOR the accommodation of those wishing to
attend the Union Baptist Association at
Wilmington, a train of Cars will leave Goldsboro'
on Friday, 25th of October, at 7 o'clock. A. M., and
call at all the intermediate stopping places, and re-
turn on the following Tuesday. Passengers will
be required to pay their passage downwards, but
will return free. E. B. DUDLEY, President.
Sept. 18, 1846. 1-tm.

SAVING AN INSPECTOR.

By the 'OLD UN.'

In one of our maritime ports of entry a
few years back, on the accession of a new
administration, a very verdant youth from the
interior presented himself at the Custom
House in—, and was duly sworn
and possessed of his commission as In-
spector of the Customs for the Port of
—, and was also duly impressed
with all the importance and gravity of his
new duties. As he seemed a very prom-
ising subject, a wag of a brother inspector,
who had received an intimation that his
services would shortly be dispensed with
by the Government, and who, was intrus-
ted with the indoctrination of the more
fortunate individual, resolved to revive in
his behalf all the 'old saws' time-honored
tradition had handed down, and apply them
to this 'modern instance.' He first im-
parted some general instruction, and put
him through the duties of attending to the
discharge of one or two foreign vessels.

At length the awful period arrived when
the infant inspector, emancipated from his
leading strings, was to go alone. That the
duties of his berth might gradually dawn
upon him, a vessel from Nova Scotia, laden
with plaster (a free article), was as-
signed to his charge, and a 'permit' given
him to land '100 tons plaster from the
Bouncing Sally.' He showed it to his tutor
with a smile.

"That's easy done," said he, "ain't it?
Plaster's free."

"The old rat shook his head mournfully.
"Not so easy as you imagine it. Do you
understand geometry?"

"Yes—some—I went through it to the
academy, but that was a darned long while
back," said the victim.

"Fourpence for the oath," said the Tormentor
sternly. The coin was instantly paid,
and found its way to the pocket of the tor-
mentor. "Now," continued he, "you've
not to ascertain, by actual measurement,
the cubic contents of each piece of plaster
in that—what description of vessel is it?"

"It's a *slupe*."

"Ah! a *slupe*; very good. You'd bet-
ter go to work immediately."

"The victim immediately hastened to the
pier, and the crew commenced discharg-
ing. A huge cube of plaster was first
landed on the wharf. This looked prom-
ising. Our euclid measured the sides and
calculated the contents of the cube. But
while thus engaged, another and another
piece of plaster tumbled out, all of the
most complicated figures.

"That's no *slupe*," yelled the victim—
"I've got my hands full for to days. Them
eternal rhomboids and parallelograms
I know I can't drive it, by gravity! I never
studied *conic sections*, and I'm sure it's
somewhere there, or 'tain't nowhere."

"Hold on!" he screamed as the crew con-
tinued to work, "or else I'll report you
right away, and have ye took up and fined
five hundred dollars each! I kin do it, and
I will do it, by gravity!"

With this resolution, he was rushing a-
way to report the ill-fated *slupe*, when he
encountered his tormentor, who offered to
take the job off his hands, and get at the
amount by general average (!) by a pro-
cess of his own which he could not im-
part.

On another occasion, soon after, when
in charge of another vessel, the tormentor
sauntered down to the wharf to see how
his victim got along with it, when he ob-
served the steward was a colored man.

"You've got a nigger steward," observed
he, carelessly.

"Wall, I know I hev—what of it?" an-
swered the victim, rather tartly, for he was
beginning to feel his oats.

"Oh! nothing—only you must look out
sharp for him," was the reply.

"Oh! he haint got nothin'. I've searched
his baggage, and in fact the whole ves-
sel. All's right—he haint got nothin'."

"But his wool!" said the Tormentor, in
a low, hoarse whisper.

"Well—what of that?" asked the victim,
terribly afraid of being convicted of some
reminiscence in the discharge of his duty.

yourn, wearing a hat in the cabin, which
scaldin' day as this. I wish you would
take it off—it makes me nervous."

"Berry good, massa—jess as you say,"
and the covering would be removed. All
right.

Once, when the steward was taking a nap
in his chair, our Inspector stealthily ap-
proached him and began to feel his head
all over.

"Why, the critter's got more'n a pound!
'Taint much for the government to lose—
but the principle's every thing. I should
be a pejured raskil if I didn't hold him to
account for every ounce of it."

"Golly, massa! what you want?" shout-
ed the African, jumping out of his shoes
and his chair at the same time.

"Nothin'—nothin'! jst you go to sleep
agin. I'm a phenologist—that's all."

"The critter's guilty conscience haunts him
like a rattle-snake!" he added to him-
self. One day matters came to a climax—
The steward, after passing his hands
through his wool several times, said, with
the greatest effrontery:

"Well, Massa Spectre, I bliebe I must
tear you to yourself for half a hour."

"Where are you going?"
"To de barba'r, massa."

"What for?"
"To hab my hair cut."

"No you don't, you rascal. That 'ere
wool ain't entered yet."

"Not enter'd! Wat you mean, massa!
Not paid for? you imp of Satan!"

"Paid for! Garamity gib 'um to me!"
"Silence! you infuriated Devil and Mar-
tin! Set right down in that 'ere chair, and
I'll do your barbering!"

"The nigger sank speechless into the
captain's arm-chair. In an instant he was
tied fast, hand and foot, and the inspector
seized a case of razors from the cabin-table.

"Murder! murder! you goin' to cut a
nigger's throat, eh?"

"I'll cut a nigger's head off, ef he don't
keep still," was the stern reply.

In five minutes the skull of the unfortu-
nate African was as bare of wool as a co-
coa-nut denuded of its hairy bark. It was
even grubbed up by the roots, for the ra-
zor had been used for opening oysters and
paring potatoes.

"Now take your bandanna, if you like,"
said the green 'un.

Leaving the steward shrieking with pain
and rage, the official rushed to the cus-
tom-house in triumph with his booty—
But alas! he was received with roars of de-
rision. The next day he sent in his resig-
nation, and the department lost a valu-
able officer, whose only fault was that he
knew too much.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.
A LIVE YANKEE 'SNORED' OUT.
BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

Reader—do you snore in your sleep?
You don't—Well, I suppose not. I
never yet met the individual who would
acknowledge the corn.

Shall I tell you of a little adventure I
was once witness to with a 'Snorer'?

The varieties of the genus 'Snorer' is
very extended. There is your quiet, sigh-
ing, unobtrusive snorer—who always has
a 'good time' at it, and troubles nobody.

There is your wheezing, chuckling, squeak-
ing snorer—who makes a regular busi-
ness of it, but who keeps it all in the fam-
ily; and, peradventure, annoys only the
partner of his joys and sorrows. There is,
also, your nasal grumbler, (who sleeps
in the next room!) who mumbles and
grunts—and gets over it.

But if there be under Heaven, an object
of pity—one that should excite the sym-
pathy of the benevolently disposed—more
than another, commend me to your gen-
uine out-and-out snorer!

To appreciate his qualities fully—you
should be fatigued and restless yourself—
after a three days journey over a thumping
bad road, and you shall run athwart him,
where the steamboat line connects, at a
late hour in the night. You shall retire
to one of the few cots left—which you
find stretched in the centre of the cabin
for the accommodation of the last comers
—and after the dreadful jolting you have
passed through for the previous twenty-
four or forty-eight hours, as the case may
be, you shall regale yourself, imaginatively
(luring the process of undressing,) with
the prospective enjoyment which Nature's
sweet restorer has in reserve for you!

Your weary head touches the pillow,
but an unusual nervousness troubles you,
and despite your most earnest endeavors,
it is midnight before you can compose
yourself. You are at last worn out with
tossing and turning—and though the night
is warm, and the vermin are active—you
determine to sleep.

For the last half hour you have been
listening to what you imagined distant
thunder, (you are 'afraid of lightning,')
and at the instant you have concluded to
reign yourself to the embrace of Morpheus,
your eyes suddenly awake—wide open—
and, as your brow is slightly knitted,
you involuntarily say yourself, 'What's
that?'

In reply to your interrogatory, a sort of
explosion takes place—a miniature erup-
tion of Vesuvius, a blast—who—o—o—
p!—and the sound rolls away in a long-
drawn, unearthly sigh—like the last effort
of a suffocating man to recover his breath
—and all is silent again.

floor, with some others. He was a live
Yankee—and occupied some considerable
time in undressing, securing his watch,
adjusting his bed-clothes, and caring for
his 'un,' which he stowed away under the
pillow. He finally mounded the piece of
furniture, which some lady-writer com-
pares to 'a fence rail, covered with two
strips of tape,' and stretched himself for
the night.

For a long time he tossed uneasily in
his cot, muttering to himself something
about 'shelved up between heaven and
air'—but he finally turned over, as I sup-
posed for the last time—when a fellow on
his extreme right, near the door, who had
evidently been getting ready for some min-
utes, burst out with—

"Aka—r-r-r—wh-e-n!"
Had a thunderbolt struck the Yankee
upon the crown, he wouldn't have reached
the floor quicker than he did as it was!

And there he stood 'in his tracks'—his
teeth chattering, his eyes distended, with
both hands grasping the side-rail of his
cot—as he yelled out—

"Hel-low!"
"Phoo—o—"
"Wot's that?"

The unconscious sleeper was relieved
momentarily—and vouchsafed no answer.

The Yankee gazed about the cabin cau-
tiously—but his fellow lodgers were all
sound asleep apparently, and the quiet rip-
pling of the water against the sides of our
frail boat, was all that now broke the si-
lence.

Again he mounted the cot, and at the
moment I had supposed he had at last
gone to the land of nod for the night—an-
other

"Kerr-r—eth-e-e—who!" burst from
the throat of the snorer on his right, who
had now got the steam well up. While
the stranger started up to look for the cause
—a

"Per-shee—swell—noh," escaped the
grunter, and our Yankee could contain
himself no longer. With one bound he
sprang to the floor—with

"Hel-low—I say—"
"Ah—phoo!"
"Thunder and earthquakes!"
"Wh—e—ho!"

"Wot is it?"
"Ar-ker-ker—sloo—oo—"
"Don't!"
"Teloo—"
"No, it ain't me!"
"E-y—ho!"

"Blast your picture—it ain't!"
"A—tish!"
"I say yer lie!"
"Er—ker-ker!"

"Wy, it's you—yourself," continued the
Yankee, approaching him cautiously—
and you have made noise enough to skeer
the devil, or stop a camp-meet'ng!"

As he placed his hand upon the snorer's
breast, a sudden "whoof!" escaped him,
and the Yankee could bear no more!

"Help, yer!"
"Psh—eu!" said the Snorer.
"Do!"
"Ah—shwon—"
"For God sake!"
"Hun—kir—"
"Cap'n—help—yer! The man's a
dyin'—I say, Mister! Murder—help!"

By this time the cabin was in a roar—
for the scene in its early stages had awa-
kened most of the crowd, who had enjoy-
ed it right heartily. The snorer turned
over suddenly upon his side, and the effect
awakened him.

"What's the row, neighbor?" he enqui-
red of the Yankee, who stood over him
with a light.

"Raow! Thunder and light'nin'!—
ain't yer dead yet? Wal, I reck'n yer're
one of 'em, stranger! Mishigan thunder's
a fool to yer snorin', by grassh!"

El sleep in this yer coop to-night, cuss my
pieur!" he added—and in spite of all the
Captain's assurances, he went up upon the
deck, where he lay till morning.

At daylight he landed—and, as he parted
with the Captain, he declared that he
had 'hearn powerful thunder in his time,
but that chap's snoring beat all the high-
pressures he ever heerd—jest as easy as
open and shut!"

PHILADELPHIA, August 25, 1846.

A SPRINKLING OF IRISH.
A Hibernian, with a poll as red as the
Red Lion as Brenford, and rendered still
red by a copious discharge of blood,
which oozed through a dirty rag tied over
a recent wound on his scalp, applied at
Bow street at the beginning of the week
for a warrant, when the following dialogue
took place:

"Magistrate—"Well, pat' (for his con-
tinuance operated as a sort of finger post,
pointing to the road from whence he came),
"what do you want?"

"I'd be wanting a warrant, please yer
Honor."

"Against whom?"
"Agin Barney O'Leary, please yer Riv-
erence."

"Did he hit you with a stick?"
"Fore God he didn't, yer Honor, but
wid a poker."

"A poker! That's a dangerous weapon."
"Divil a doubt of it."
"Where were you?"
"Where was I?—why, in bed to be
sure."

"Asleep or awake?"
"As sound as a roach, yer Honor."

"And what provocation had you given
him?"
"Divil a provocation at all, yer Honor;
how could I when I was sound asleep?"

"What! do you mean to say he came
to your bedside and struck you in this
dreadful manner without the slightest pro-
vocation?"

"It's truth what you say, yer Honor,
barring he can't to his own bedside instead
of mine."

"His own bed-side—were you in his
bed?"
"Faith, you just guessed it, yer honor."

"And what brought you there?"
"That's more than I can tell, yer Hon-
or, barring the liquor that was in me."

"And was this all you did to provoke
his anger?"
"Divil a thing else."

"Was there any other person present?"
"Not a creature, independint of his wife."

"His wife?"
"Of course!"
"Of course! and don't you think you
deserved what you got?"

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